THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

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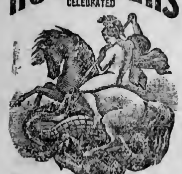

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A LITTLE PILGRIM.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

I.

IN THE UNSEEN.—Continued.

The little Pilgrim rose up from the mound on which she was sitting. Her soul was confused with wonder and fear. She had thought that an angel might step between a soul on earth and sin, and that if one but prayed and prayed, the dear Lord would stand between and deliver the tempted. She had meant when she saw his face to ask him to save. Was not he born, did not he live and die, to save? The angel maiden looked at her all the while with eyes that understood all her perplexity and her doubt, but spoke not. Thus it was that before the Lord came to her, the sweetness of her first blessedness was obscured, and she found that here too, even here, though in a moment she should see him, there was need for faith. Young Margaret, who had been kneeling by her, rose up too and stood among the lilies, waiting, her soft countenance shining, her eyes turned towards him who was coming. Upon her there was no cloud nor doubt. She was one of the children of that land familiar with his presence. And in the air there was a sound such as those who hear it alone can describe—a sound as of help coming and safety, like the sound of a deliverer when one is in deadly danger, like the sound of a conqueror, like the step of the dearest beloved coming home. As it came nearer, the fear melted away out of the beating heart of the Pilgrim. Who could fear so near him? Her breath went away from her, her heart out of her bosom to meet his coming. Oh, never fear could live when he was! Her soul was all confused, but it was with hope and joy. She held out her hands in that amaze, and dropped upon her knees, not knowing what she did.

He was going about his Father's business, not lingering, yet neither making haste; and the calm and peace which the little Pilgrim had seen in the faces of the blessed were but reflections from the majestic gentleness of the countenance to which, all quivering with happiness and wonder, she lifted up her eyes. Many things there had been in her mind to say to him. She wanted to ask for those she loved some things which perhaps he had overlooked. She wanted to say, "Send me." It seemed to her that here was the occasion she had longed for all her life. Oh, how many times had she wished to be able to go to him, to fall at his feet, to show him something which had been left undone, something which perhaps for her asking he would remember to do. But when this dream of her life was fulfilled, and the little Pilgrim, kneeling, and all shaken and trembling with devotion and joy, was at his feet, lifting her face to him, seeing him, hearing him then she said nothing to him at all. She no longer wanted to say anything, or wanted anything except what he chose, or had power to think of anything except that all was well, and everything—everything as it should be in his hand. It seemed to her that all that she had ever hoped for was fulfilled when she met the look in his eyes. At first it seemed too bright for her to meet; but next moment she knew it was all that was needed to light up the world, and in it everything was clear. Her trembling ceased, her little frame grew inspired; though she still knelt, her head rose erect, drawn to him like the flower to the sun. She could not tell how long it was, nor what was said, nor if it was in words. All that she knew was that she told him all that ever she had thought, or wished, or intended in all her life; although she said nothing at all; and that he opened all things to her, and showed her that everything was well, and no one forgotten, and that the things she would have told him of were more near his heart than hers, and those to whom she wanted to be sent were in his own hand. But whether this passed with words or without words, she could not tell. Her soul expanded under his eyes like a flower. It opened out, it comprehended and felt and knew. She smote her hands together in her wonder that she could have missed seeing what was so clear, and laughed with a sweet scorn at her folly, as two people who love each other laugh at the little misunderstanding that has parted them. She was bold with him, though she was so timid by nature, and ventured to laugh at herself, not to reproach herself; for his divine eyes spoke no blame, but smiled upon her folly too. And then he laid a hand upon her head, which seemed to fill her with currents of strength and joy running thro' all her veins. And then she seemed to come to herself, saying loud out, "And that I will! and that I will!" and lo, she was kneeling on the warm soft sod alone, and hearing the sound of his footsteps as he went about his Father's business, filling all the air with echoes of blessing. And all the people who were coming and going smiled upon her, and she knew they were all glad for her that she had seen him, and got the desire of her heart. Some of them waved their hands as they passed, and some paused a moment and spoke to her with tender congratulations. They seemed to have the tears in their eyes for joy, remembering every one the first time they had themselves seen him and the joy of it; so that all about there sounded a concord of happy thoughts all echoing to each other, "She has seen the Lord!"

Why did she say, "And that I will! and that I will!" with such fervor and delight? She could not have told, but yet she knew. The first thing was that she had yet to wait and believe until all things should be accomplished, neither doubting nor fearing, but knowing that all should be well; and the second was that she must delay no longer, but rise up and serve the Father according to what was given her as her reward. When she had recovered a little of her rapture, she rose from her knees, and stood still for a little, to be sure which way she was to go. And she was not aware what guided her, but yet turned her face in the appointed way without any doubt. For doubt was now gone away forever, and that fear that once gave her so much trouble lest she might not be doing what was best. As she moved along she wondered at herself more. She felt no longer, as at first, like the child she remembered to have been venturing out in the awful lovely stillness of the morning before any one was awake; but she felt that to move along was a delight, and that her foot scarcely touched the grass. And her whole being was instinct with such lightness of strength and life, that it did not matter to her how far she went, nor what she carried, nor if the way was easy or hard. The way she chose was one of those which led to the great gate, and many met her coming from thence, with looks that were somewhat bewildered, as if they did not yet know whither they were going or what had happened to them—upon whom she smiled as she passed them with soft looks of tenderness and sympathy, knowing what they were feeling, but did not stop to explain to them, because she had something else that had been given her to do. For this is what always follows in that country when you meet the Lord, that you instantly know what it is that he would have you do.

The little Pilgrim thus went on and on toward the gate, which she had not seen when she herself came through it, having been lifted in his arms by the great Death Angel, and set down softly inside, so that she did not know it, or even the shadow of it. As she drew nearer, the light became less bright, though very sweet, like a lovely dawn, and she wondered to herself to think that she had been here but a moment ago, and yet so much had passed since then. And still she was not aware what was her errand, but wondered if she was to go back by these same gates, and perhaps return where she had been. She went up to them very closely, for she was curious to see the place through which she had come in her sleep—as a traveler goes back to see the city gate, with its bridge and portcullis, through which he has passed by night. The gate was very great, of a wonderful, curious architecture, having strange, delicate arches and canopies above. Some parts of them seemed cut very clean and clear, but the outlines were all softened with a sort of mist and shadow, so that it looked greater and higher than it was. The lower part was not one great doorway, as the Pilgrim had supposed, but had innumerable doors, all separate and very narrow, so that but one could pass at a time, though the arch inclosed all, and seemed filled with great folding gates, in which the smaller doors were set, so that if need arose a vast opening might be made for many to enter. Of the little doors many were shut as the Pilgrim approached; but from moment to moment one after another would be pushed softly open from without, and some one would come in. The little Pilgrim looked at it all with great interest, wondering which of the doors she herself had come by; but while she stood absorbed by this, a door was suddenly pushed open close by her, and some one flung forward into the blessed country, falling upon the ground, and stretching out wild arms as though to clutch the very soil. This sight gave the Pilgrim a great surprise; for it was the first time she had heard any sound of pain, or seen any sight of trouble, since she entered here. In that moment she knew what it was that the dear Lord had given her to do. She had no need to pause to think, for her heart told her; and she did not hesitate, as she might have done in the other life, not knowing what to say. She went forward and gathered this poor creature into her arms, as if it had been a child, and drew her quite within the land of peace; for she had fallen across the threshold, so as to hinder any one entering who might be coming after her. It was a woman, and she had flung herself upon her face, so that it was difficult for the little Pilgrim to see what manner of person it was; for though she felt herself strong enough to take up this new-comer in her arms and carry her away, yet she forbore, seeing the will of the stranger was not so. For some time this woman lay moaning, with now and then a great sob shaking her as she lay. The little Pilgrim had taken her by both her arms and drawn her head to rest upon her own lap, and was still holding the hands, which the poor creature had thrown out as if to clutch the ground. Thus she lay for a little while, as the little Pilgrim remembered she herself had lain, not wishing to move, wondering what had happened to her; then she clutched the hands which grasped her, and said, muttering:

"You are some one new. Have you come to save me? Oh, save me! Oh, save me! Don't let me die!"

This was very strange to the little Pilgrim, and went to her heart. She soothed the stranger, holding her hands warm and light, and stooping over her.

"Dear," she said, "you must try and not be afraid."

"You say so," said the woman, "because you are well and strong. You don't know what it is to be seized in the middle of your life, and told that you've got to die. Oh, I have been a sinful creature! I am not fit to die. Can't you give me something that will cure me? What is the good of doctors and nurses if they cannot save a poor soul that is not fit to die?"

At this the little Pilgrim smiled upon her, always holding her fast, and said:

"Why are you so afraid to die?"

The woman raised her head to see who it was who put such a strange question to her.

"You are some one new," she said. "I have never seen you before. Is there any one that is not afraid to die? Would you like to have to give an account all in a moment, without any time to prepare?"

"But you have had time to prepare," said the Pilgrim.

"Oh, only a very, very little time. And I never thought it was true. I am not an old woman, and I am not fit to die; and I'm poor. Oh, if I were rich, I would bribe you to give me something to keep me alive. Won't you do it for love?—won't you do it for pity? When you are as bad as I am, oh, you will perhaps call for some one to help you, and find nobody, like me."

"I will help you for love," said the little Pilgrim, "some one who loves you has sent me."

The woman lifted herself up a little and shook her head. "There is nobody that loves me." Then she cast her eyes round her and began to tremble again (for the touch of the little Pilgrim had stilled her). "Oh, where am I?" she said. "They have taken me away; they have brought me to a strange place; and you are new. Oh, where have they taken me?—where am I?—where am I?" she cried. "Have they brought me here to die?"

Then the little Pilgrim bent over her and soothed her. "You must not be so much afraid of dying; that is all over. You need not fear that any more," she said softly, "for here where you now are we have all died."

The woman started up out of her arms, and then she gave a great shriek that made the air ring, and cried out, "Dead! am I dead?" with a shudder and convulsions, throwing herself again wildly with outstretched hands upon the ground.

This was a great and terrible work for the little Pilgrim—the first she had ever had to do—and her heart failed her for a moment; but afterward she remembered our Brother who sent her, and knew what was best. She drew closer to the new-comer, and took her hand again.

"Try," she said, in a soft voice, "and think a little. Do you feel now so ill as you were? Do not be frightened, but think a little. I will hold your hand. And look at me, you are not afraid of me?"

The poor creature shuddered again, and then she turned her face, and looked doubtfully, with great dark eyes dilated, and the brow and cheek so curved and puckered round them that they seemed to glow out of deep caverns. Her face was full of anguish and fear. But as she looked at the little Pilgrim, her troubled gaze softened. Of her own accord she clasped her other hand upon the one that held hers, and then she said with a gasp,—

"I am not afraid of you; that was not true that you said! You are one of the sisters, and you want to frighten me and make me repent!"

"You do repent," the Pilgrim said.

"Oh," cried the poor woman, "what has the like of you to do with me? Now I look at you, I never saw any one like you before. Don't you hate me?—don't you loathe me? I do myself. It's so ugly to do wrong. I think now I would almost rather die and be done with it. You will say that is because I am going to get better. I feel a great deal better now. Do you think I am going to get over it? Oh, I am better! I could get up out of bed and walk about. Yes, but I am not in bed,—where have you brought me? Never mind, it is a fine air; I shall soon get well here."

The Pilgrim was silent for a little, holding her hands. And then she said,—

"Tell me how you feel now," in her soft voice.

The woman had sat up and was gazing round her. "It is very strange," she said; "it is all confused. I think upon my mother and the old prayers I used to say. For a long, long time I always said my prayers; but now I've got hardened, they say. Oh, I was once as fresh as any one. It all comes over me now. I feel as if I were young again—just come out of the country. I am sure that I could walk."

The little Pilgrim raised her up, holding her by her hands; and she stood and gazed round about her, making one or two doubtful steps. She was very pale, and the light was dim; her eyes peered into it with a scared yet eager look. She made another step, then stopped again.

"I am quite well," she said. "I could walk a mile. I could walk any distance. What was that you said? Oh, I tell you I am better! I am not going to die."

"You will never, never die," said the little Pilgrim; "are you not glad it is all over? Oh, I was so glad! And all the more you should be glad if you were so much afraid."

But this woman was not glad. She shrank away from her companion, then came close to her again, and gripped her with her hands.

"It is your—fun," she said, "or just to frighten me. Perhaps you think it will do me no harm as I am getting so well, you want to frighten me to make me good. But I mean to be good without that—I do! I do! When one is so near dying as I have been and yet gets better,—for I am going to get better! Yes! you know it as well as I."

The little Pilgrim made no reply, but stood by, looking at her charge, not feeling that any thing was given her to say,—and she was so new to this work, that there was a little trembling in her, lest she should not do every thing as she ought. And the woman looked round with those anxious eyes gazing all about. The light did not brighten as it had done when the Pilgrim herself first came to this place. For one thing, they had remained quite close to the gate, which no doubt threw a shadow. The woman looked at that, and then turned and looked into the dim morning, and did not know where she was, and her heart was confused and troubled.

"Where are we?" she said. "I do not know where it is; they must have brought me here in my sleep,—where are we? How strange to bring a sick woman away out of her room in her sleep! I suppose it was the new doctor," she went on, looking very closely in the little Pilgrim's face; then paused, and drawing a long breath, said softly, "It has done me good. It is better air—it is—a new kind of cure!"

But though she spoke like this, she did not convince herself; her eyes were wild with wondering and fear. She gripped the Pilgrim's arm more and more closely, and trembled, leaning upon her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she said; "why don't you tell me? Oh, I don't know how to live in this place! What do you do?—how do you speak? I am not fit for it. And what are you? I never saw you before, nor any one like you. What do you want with me? Why are you so kind to me? Why—why—"

And here she went off into a murmur of questions. Why? why? always holding fast by the little Pilgrim, always gazing round her, groping as it were in the dimness with her great eyes.

"I have come because our dear Lord who is our Brother sent me to meet you, and because I love you," the little Pilgrim said.

"Love me!" the woman cried, throwing up her hands. "But no one loves me; I have not deserved it." Here she grasped her close again with a sudden clutch, and cried out, "If this is what you say, where is God?"

"Are you afraid of him?" the little Pilgrim said.

Upon which the woman trembled so, that the Pilgrim trembled too with the quivering of her frame; then loosed her hold, and fell her upon face, and cried,—

"Hide me! hide me! I have been a great sinner! Hide me, that he may not see me;" and with one hand she tried to draw the Pilgrim's dress as a veil between her and something she feared.

"How should I hide you from him who is every where? and why should I hide you from your Father?" the little Pilgrim said. This she said almost with indignation, wondering that any one could put more trust in her, who was no better than a child, than in the Father of all. But then she said, "Look into your heart, and you will see you are not so much afraid as you think. This is how you have been accustomed to frighten yourself. But now look into your heart. You thought you were very ill at first, but not now; and you think you are afraid; but look into your heart—"

There was a silence; and then the woman raised her head with a wonderful look, in which there was amazement and doubt, as if she had heard some joyful thing, but dared not yet believe that it was true. Once more she hid her face in her hands, and once more raised it again. Her eyes softened; a long sigh or gasp, like one taking breath after drowning, shook her breast. Then she said, "I think—that is true. But if I am not afraid, it is because I am—bad. It is because I am hardened. Oh, should not I fear him who can send me away into the lake that burns—into the pit—" And here she gave a great cry, but held the little Pilgrim all the while with her eyes, which seemed to plead and ask for better news.

Continued next week.

Louisville enjoyed the presence of two live lords last week—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Sir William McCorman. The average Louisville society man having never before used the words My Lord, except as an exclamation of wonder, with a long accent on the first word, has adjusted the pronunciation to the English standard, and now has it pat. "Me Lud" Chief Justice and "Me Lud" MacCormac are the prevailing topics of conversation.—[Frankfort Yeoman.

NOW, COME RIGHT ALONG

Men's Clothing Department.

Of course this is the leading branch of our business. It is the one that first gave us prominence in Louisville. It's the one by which we gained the reputation of selling better goods for less money than had been customary in this city. We still have the reputation, and propose, this fall to still further deserve it. This season our ready made Clothing for Men is as near perfection as good judgment, good goods and good workmanship can hope to make it. Our stock of Frock Suits, Sack Suits, in Cassimeres, Corkscrews, Cheviots, are superb, for, in addition to all the Staple Colors and Combination of Colors, we have all the nobby mixtures and stylish effects. The All Wool Suits we are showing for $10, $12 and $15 are usually made to measure for $20, $22 and $25. The suits we offer for $18, $20 and $25 are really custom made, for they were cut by custom cutters and made by our custom tailors, and the reason we can mention such low prices is this: We had them made up in the dull season when the custom tailors would rather work on a smaller scale of prices than not work at all. In Fine Dress Suits we show the finest Goods that can be imported; elegantly made and splendidly trimmed, and equal in every respect to tailor shop or made to order goods. We can save you $10 to $20 on every fine Suit or Overcoat you buy of us.

BOY'S CLOTHING

Sold by us never fails to give value received for its cost. The low priced Suits sold by us are well made, and, although not trimmed and lined with as fine material as the more expensive ones, still they are durable and perfect fitting. Come and see our Goods. You can not, without a personal inspection, appreciate a simple list of prices.

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Is the branch of the business that we hustle. We keep better styles and more of them than any other house in the Western country. You can not name a style or a material that we can not show.

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Come and see our stock of Boys' and Children's Hats. You can form no idea of its extent and beauty by a mere verbal description, and don't forget that we sell a single Hat at as low a price as ordinary Hat Stores have to pay for the same quality.

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EGYPT'S ANCHORAGE ASYLUM.

Horrors of an Egyptian Madhouse.

Cairo correspondence Egyptian Gazette.

Grave suspicions were entertained by many that the government lunatic asylum at Abbasseeyeh was a hotbed of cholera, and that the existence of the disease within the walls was being concealed. No difficulty at all was made about my being admitted to the place. We were ushered through a deep, dismal archway into the recreation ground of the asylum, where the mad people were wandering about in a solitary, purposeless way. Turning to the left beneath an arcade we entered a dark doorway, just as the last of a herd of idiots had been driven in before us. We took ten or fifteen strides along a sombre passage, and on reaching the wall made a quarter turn to the right and stood facing a long, lofty corridor, lighted only by a few small windows near the ceiling, secured by iron bars. All along the corridor, at the base of the wall on the left hand, the lunatics sat squatted on their haunches in a long and almost interminable row. To all appearance they were a quiet, inoffensive, miserable-looking lot of creatures, literally clothed in sackcloth. Their only garment consisted of a coarse sackcloth shirt, descending to their knees, with an aperture through which to pass the head, and sleeves falling halfway to the elbows. They had not a particle of linen about them. On our right were the bedrooms: lofty, spacious, sombre apartments, entered through low doorways. The bedsteads were similar to those in use in the native hospitals and barracks—iron frames and planks. The bedding and bedclothes were filthy in the extreme, and swarming with vermin. Each room was crowded with beds placed about an arm's length from each other. The stench was intolerable, both in the apartments and the corridors. No regard was even paid to the most elementary notions of cleanliness.

At length we reached what I can only describe as the chamber of horrors—the apartment in which refractory patients were mastered and treated. It was a lofty, spacious room, with plenty of light. Here a most horrible sight greeted us. All round the walls, at regular distances of about six feet, were arched cavities commencing at the ground and extending to a height of about two feet six inches. The extremities of a curved iron bar were firmly fixed in the masonry on either side of each cavity. The purpose of this arrangement was as follows: When a man became violent he was placed, with his legs bound and with his back against the iron bar, in a sitting posture, his arms being firmly lashed to it. The cavity in the wall was supposed to prevent him injuring his head against the masonry. As we entered this veritable torture chamber, the first thing that met our gaze was a recumbent figure surrounded by three or four attendants.

We discovered a machine bearing a close resemblance to a weighing machine on the bascule principle, only that the bottom part, that upon which the goods to be weighed are placed, extended some three or four feet from the back piece. The top of this back piece was padded to the depth of about a foot, the padded part being covered with red Morocco leather. On this machine was seated a patient, with the back of his head against the padding and his legs extended toward us. The three or four attendants by whom he was surrounded were engaged in binding his arms to rings fixed behind the back part of the machine. The left side of this wretched being's head, at the height of the eyes, was covered with blood and his left eye was almost closed, all the part surrounding it being much swollen and inflamed. While the attendants were engaged in tying him up he was sobbing, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and he rocked his head gently from side to side as if in pain, occasionally glancing toward us. While we stood gazing at the horrible sight he did not attempt to offer the least resistance. Of course the injury which he had sustained may have been self-inflicted, but it is equally likely, I think, that he had been knocked down by one of the keepers. The appearance of this prison was filthy in the extreme. The stench was insufferable. The kitchen, which was close at hand, was a gloomy, dirty sort of place. The women's quarters were even worse than those of the men. They were very crowded, and their generally filthy condition is beyond description. Many of the women were hysterical, and two of them were naked.

A DREADFUL DEATH.

Four Men Suffocated Beneath Fourteen Hundred Bushels of Oats and Ten Others Narrowly Escape With Their Lives.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 10.—The Tribune's Moorhead, Minn., special says that a dreadful and fatal accident occurred last night at the farm of Mr. Northrup eight miles east of Moorhead, in which four men were killed outright and ten more narrowly escaped with their lives. The men were members of a threshing crew, who had been threshing for Northrup the day previous, and were sleeping in the lower story of a granary, in the upper part of which were fourteen hundred bushels of oats. During the night, while the men were asleep, the floor suddenly gave way, completely burying eight who were sleeping at the end of the building where the floor gave way. Six men sleeping at the other end were partially crowded through the side of the house, which gave way to the sudden pressure, and made their escape without difficulty. After giving the alarm they set to work to remove their comrades from underneath the oats. When the unfortunate men were reached four were dead from suffocation and some others so nearly so that it was a matter of doubt for several hours if they would not die from the effects. The dead are Andrew Larson, R. A. Rodes, the engineer and another whose name is unknown.

A Wife and a House in One Day.

Columbia Spectator.

By our own Col. Frank Wolford, member of Congress from this (the 11th) district, the following was related one day last week:

"When I was first married, I asked my wife to be my mate early in the morning, got married before breakfast, after breakfast bought me a farm and started to pick out a location for a house. I met the overseer of the county road, who was that day going to work the road and had about two hundred hands. I told him I had bought the farm and was on my way to select a spot for my house. He remarked to me if I would furnish him three gallons of whisky he would take his hands and build my house that day. I told him I would see him in his grave before I would give him or his hands one drop of whisky. Then he asked me for $5: I gave this to him, and he called up his force and built the house that day, and it was the best house I ever saw—12 feet square.' I moved I moved into the house before sundown."

Six Children Poisoned.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 10.—A Greensburg, Pa., special says: "Six children of John Stouffer, of Ligonier, were poisoned this morning by eating weeds in the woods near that place. The mother had been visiting a neighbor, and when she returned she found the children lying around the room, to all appearances dead. Medical aid was quickly summoned, and after working with the children for several hours four of them were pronounced out of danger. The other two will die."

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1883.

WALLACE GRUELLE . . . . Editor

FORAKER, Foraker, where are you now?
And where is Hoadly the bold?
Foraker's mopping his astonished brow,
And Hoadly's come in out the cold.
And Johnny McLean has bought a club,
With which to beat and hang himself;
O! that, like Judas of old, he would
Go out to a tree and hang himself.

A HATTER'S life is an unhappy one.

DANIEL DREW. Eh? What did he draw?

DEADLY nightshade—the all-night saloon.

THE forger is the fellow for writing a wrong.

THE Mormons are a harem scarum set of fellows.

TWICE one is stew, is church oyster supper arithmetic.

ONE of the rash acts of childhood is catching the measles.

LOVE of gold in the yellow fever the majority of mankind do not fear.

I AM glad that Blaine, mine enemy, is writing a book.—[Job Conkling.

THE democratic party in Iowa more than doubled its vote at the state election on the 9th instant.

UP to yesterday, the 16th instant, there had been fifteen murders committed in Kentucky.

CONKLING adores the "Lady of the Lake," but "Me Too" Platt dotes on the lady of the transom.

THE editors of the Danville Tribune and Somerset Republican left Ohio in time to escape the earthquake.

"HOADLY 13,000 and still a-climbing," is the spine stiffening news Ohio sends out to the national democracy.

JUDGE LYNCH got in his work on a couple of negro murderers at Russellville Thursday night. The job was well done.

LIGHTNING depletes hen-houses in Missouri. In Kentucky the niggers don't give lightning a chance at the chickens.

IF I were not a Methodist, and a writer of Sunday School lessons, I would say that Ohio has played h—ll on her watch.—[D—v—d A. M—r—hy, of the D—v—lle Tr—b—ne

FRED. DOUGLASS, the "colored Moses," says he can have all the independence he wants inside the republican party. Independence, with Fred., evidently means office.

ELLIS CRAFT, one of the Ashland rape fiends and murderers, was hanged at Grayson Friday. He professed religion, was baptized, and died protesting his innocence.

MR. SAMUEL J. TILDEN has joined the New York Yacht Club. The old fellow is determined to prove to the democracy of the country that he is in the best of health and trim.

THE democracy having secured a handsome working majority in the Ohio legislature, we may look upon Mr. Pendleton's re-election to the federal senate as an assured thing.

"LITTLE Tea Montgomery was badly bitten by a cat Sunday evening," is the way in which an exchange localizes the fact that the Montgomery family indulged in cat-nip Tea on Sabbath eve.

WE suppose that Tennyson's poem in honor of John Brown, the late body-servant of Queen Vic., will be entitled "The Idol of the Queen," in order to distinguish it from the "Idyls of the King."

THE murder business seems to be as lively in the state for the month of October as at any previous season, there having been fifteen homicides committed between the first and sixteenth of the month.

FROM the letters of Collector Crumbaugh produced on his trial in the federal court at Louisville, it is very evident that he is more of a fool than a criminal. He is a bladder that rattles the beans of self conceit and vanity.

HOADLY has carried Ohio, and Cleveland has determined that the democracy shall carry New York. Uncle Joe McDonald had better hurry up and elect a constable or something over in Indiana, or the other boys will get the bulge on him.

THE latest returns from the Ohio election confirm previous estimates that Hoadly's majority will exceed twelve thousand, and gives the democrats a majority of twenty-four on joint ballot in the legislature. This assures Mr. Pendleton's return to the federal senate.

THE German emperor conferred the title of colonel on King Alfonzo, of Spain, and a mob got after the new colonel in Paris. Governor Knott conferred the title of colonel on a Princeton banker, and the recipient immediately busted. The private station seems to be the only safe place these days.

THE Cincinnati Commercial Gazette charges the defeat of Foraker upon the prohibitionists of Ohio. The C.-G. is wrong, as usual. Foraker made one hundred and five speeches during the campaign. Divide former republican victories by one hundred and five, Messrs. C.-G., and there you are with the correct solution.

OF the five governors who graced "Governors' Day" at the great Southern Exposition, two of them (Crittenden, of Missouri, and Murray, of Utah,) were Cloverport boys, and a third (Knott, of Kentucky,) began life "on his own hook" in early youth in this county. Old Breckenridge, (God bless her!) is equal to any demand that may be made upon her. If any more states want first-class timber, free of rot, knot, or windshake, for governors, senators, or even presidents, let them send their orders to Breckenridge county, Kentucky. We can fill any bill satisfactorily and with dispatch.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

The phenomenal features of the democratic triumph in Ohio last week, and the cutting down of republican ascendancy in Iowa to less than one-half its former strength, lift the October contests of this year out of the ordinary rut of off-year vagaries, and give to them a meaning such as has not attached to them since first the republican organization obtained control in those two states. In neither Ohio nor Iowa were there any local issues that obscured the vision of voters, nor were there quarrels to divide, grievances to redress, or revenges to consummate at the polls, between the republican leaders.

In Ohio there was a prohibition issue, but it was fought outside the two regular parties, the prohibitionists supporting a state ticket of their own, and democrats and republicans alike, in their individual capacity of voters, supporting and opposing the temperance amendments to the state constitution. Indeed, the returns show the surprising fact that—although the republicans claimed to be the champions of the amendments and denounced the democrats as upholding the whisky and dramshop interests, and although the intemperate utterances of the News Journal and the Enquirer, the two leading democratic organs, gave plausibility to the charge—in the strongest democratic localities the amendments received their largest majorities, while in the strongest republican localities they were overwhelmingly rejected.

Another astonishing result is the unexpected triumph of the democratic state ticket in the wool-growing districts, which have hitherto invariably voted largely republican. Taking into consideration the fact that the republicans made the issue in those districts on "tariff for protection," and the democrats on "tariff for revenue only," the defeat of the former in those localities can be accounted for only on the hypothesis that the people distrust them and no longer award them their confidence and support. Indeed, they seem to have just discovered, like the negro element of the entire country, that the republican party is a selfish and spoils seeking organization, whose history is one long and damaging record of broken promises, violated pledges, and systematic plundering of the people and the public treasury.

Looking at the result in all its aspects, there can be but one conclusion, but one sensible solution of the remarkable turn in the fortunes of the republican party, and that is that it has entered upon its last quarter-stretch in the race for existence. It had served its purpose when negro slavery was exterpated. From that period it has been a cumberer of the ground. It is now approaching its end. Its sins of the last sixteen years are finding it out. The hand of retribution is now laid upon its head. Its doom is written. Nothing save the most inexcusable crimes and blunders on the part of the democratic majority in the next congress will galvanize it with life for the national contest of next year. Its ascendancy has been a long Belshazzar's feast, but that feast is now ended; the viands eaten; the plates and goblets broken; the tables overturned; and the king and his guests are about to be turned out to eat grass. Thus, and thus only, can the phenomenon of the Ohio election be interpreted. It is the handwriting on the wall. It reads *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!* which, being translated, means:

"THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MUST GO!"

WE regret to notice that the Louisville Democrat is opposed to federal aid to education as undemocratic. The opponents of the measure seem to imagine that the federal treasury is something separate and apart from the people, and that any appropriation by congress in aid of the common schools of the states is a charitable donation. Nothing can be wider of the truth. Measured by the approved democratic standard, the federal government is but the trustee of the aggregated state governments, and possesses no power not expressly delegated to it by the state governments. It is a conveniency rather than a necessity—a servant rather than a master. Its funds are the common money of the states, principally made up by tax contributions from the states, of which Kentucky pays an enormous amount each year. All moneys in the common treasury over and above the sum necessary to pay the running expenses of the federal government belong to the people, and should be used for their benefit instead of permitted to accumulate for the benefit of nobody but dishonest officials and unscrupulous raiders upon the treasury. In 1844 the whigs wanted the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands—then the only source of excessive revenue—divided among the states for internal improvement purposes. The democrats antagonized only the latter portion of the proposition, insisting that the money should be used for schooling the children of the poor. The idea that the people of Kentucky will voluntarily assume a heavy tax for the support of the public schools is poppycock. The people look upon all taxation as burdensome and a curse, and will always refuse to increase it, for any purpose whatever when the decision is left to them. The perpetuity of the republic depends upon the virtue of the people. No people can be virtuous who are not enlightened, and enlightenment only comes of education. What we ask is only for our own. It is our money, and we need it to educate our children. The charge that the demand for our money to educate our own children is undemocratic is without foundation in fact. It is democracy itself pure and unadulterated.

THE reform ticket has been triumphant at Nashville. The Kercheval gang had about ruined all the streets, pocketed all the money, and saddled an enormous debt on the city. Even the better elements of the republican party united with the reform democrats to overthrow the republican clique that had ruled and plundered the city for almost a generation.

THE democrats have done wonderfully well in Iowa, in cutting down the usual republican majority of 60,000 to 27,000, gaining thirty-nine members in the popular branch of the legislature, five in the senate, and one member of congress, Judge Cook, in the sixth district. They deserve all praise.

COL. BRECKINRIDGE FOR THE SENATE.

The Owensboro Messenger hopes "Kentucky will not stultify herself by a failure to send Breckinridge to the senate at some future day." Why wait till some future day, neighbor? Why not this winter? It is evident that Mr. Carlisle has his heart and hopes set on the speakership of the lower house of congress, and where in Kentucky will you find a man more fitted to fill the seat once so proudly and acceptably filled by Clay, and Crittenden, and Powell? Where can you find his superior in legal and political knowledge, in purity and uprightness of conduct, in brilliancy and power of oratory? Williams is no more to compare to him than the flickering light of a tallow dip to the glorious effulgence of Jupiter, "the bright star of the morning." The future bears concealed in its womb too many mishaps on which to predicate the postponement of deserved honor to this gifted son of the imperial commonwealth. There is sickness and death ambushed there. The present only can mortals count on with safety. In the present we have to choose a senator. Williams is at hand and Breckinridge is at hand. We may choose between them. While Col. Breckinridge will scorn to stoop to "a game of dice" with Williams for the position—while he would not for his right hand get down on his belly and crawl with Williams to root up and swallow the rinds and husks of favor for position—while he would not belittle himself to run down the offices with all the hounds and curs in the leash of demagoguery—yet, were the people's representatives to bestow the position upon him, we know the sterling and unselfish patriotism of the man so well that we can safely promise that he would accept it gratefully and reverently, as a sacred trust neither to be longed for nor refused, and most worthily would he fulfill its every duty. The truth is, if we would place a man worthy of the position in that exalted seat, we must seek for him outside the ranks of the office-seeker and place-hunter. Modest merit does not flaunt itself in the eyes of the multitude and mouth of its own greatness. And Breckinridge is both modest and meritorious. We hope our excellent neighbor will join with us in calling the attention of the people of Kentucky to one who has already been permitted too long to hide his transcendant merits under a bushel. We hope the Messenger will assist us to bring Col. Breckinridge's name before the on-coming legislature, and not leave the question to the accidents of an unknown and unreadable future.

THE HANGING OF CRAFT.

Ellis Craft, one of the perpetrators of the diabolical crime at Ashland, Kentucky, on the night of Christmas Eve, 1881, when he, in company with George Ellis, afterwards hanged by a mob, and —— Neal, now in Lexington jail awaiting a new trial, murdered three children, two girls and a boy, after first ravishing the girls, and then poured coal-oil over the bodies of their victims and the floor of the room and firing the building in order to conceal the hellish crime—expiated his crime on the gallows at Grayson, the county-seat of Boyd county, last Friday.

Thursday evening, at his own request, he was taken to a stream near the village and baptized into the Christian church. On the gallows he made a long, rambling speech, in which he repeatedly asserted his own innocence and that of Neal, and expressed the conviction that he was going to heaven.

Governor Knott is censured in some quarters for refusing to grant him further respite. We think this censure unmerited. It is the governor's duty to see that the mandate of the law is executed. Craft had twice been tried and twice convicted. Governor Blackburn had granted him a respite on the same representations that were subsequently made to Governor Knott, and the court of appeals reversed the result of the first trial on a technicality in order that his innocence might be made manifest as promised. On the second trial the evidence of his guilt was more clearly established, if that were possible, than on the first trial. Governor Knott patiently examined the records of the two trials, but could find nothing that would justify him to further interfere with the operation of the law. Hence his refusal to respite the condemned man. And he was right. The majesty of the law must not only be maintained, but made terrible in the certainty of condign punishment in order that it may exercise that wholesome influence over the class of men of which Ellis Craft was a sample, and deter them from the commission of crime. We carefully read the evidence in both trials, as reported in the Cincinnati and Louisville papers, and are constrained to express our belief in the guilt of Craft and Neal, and that the former received but his just deserts on the scaffold. It is no pleasant thing to believe that a man so stunted would step off into eternity with a lie on his lips, but we are compelled to believe that such was the case with this bold, bad young man.

SEVERAL papers that loudly denounced Gov. Blackburn for giving Craft a respite, and denounced the appellate court for granting him a new trial, are now vociferously denouncing Gov. Knott for not granting him another respite. And yet Gov. Knott was right. Craft's friends came to him with the same tale that fooled Gov. Blackburn—the discovery of new evidence that would establish Craft's innocence. Yet on his second trial they failed to produce such evidence. Gov. Knott had to make choice between their *ex parte* statements and the record and convictions of two trials. As an honest and conscientious conservator of the law he was compelled to shape his official action by the records of the court and the verdicts of two juries. He did right in refusing to interpose his authority between the law and its victim.

DURING twenty years service in the popular branch of congress, William S. Holman, of Indiana, never cast a reprehensible vote nor made a foolish speech. His record as a politician and statesman is pure and spotless "as the icicle that hangs from Diana's temple," as the late John O. Brassman used to remark of the late General William O. Butler.

WE regret to see the Paducah Journal array itself against federal aid to education. In "the good old days of Adam and Eve," when McCarty—beg pardon, Secretary McCarty—and we trained with the whigs under glorious old "Hal of the West," we both used to advocate the doctrine of federal aid to internal improvements in the states, and would have climbed the neck of any locofoco in the land who would have dared to insinuate that we advocated a doctrine subversive of any right reserved to the states, or placed our state in the attitude of a pauper begging for crumbs from the table of the general government. If it is all right and proper to ask the general government to appropriate money to improve our state waterways so as to make them navigable, in the name of heaven why should it be improper to ask aid of it for the purpose of educating and elevating intellectually our children? Which is the most important to us and to the country, to place Goose Creek in condition to be navigated by a little wet-tail steamer, or put our boys in condition to fill honorable and high stations in the land? Democracy can best prove that it is really the party of the people by shaping its policy to the furtherance of the best and most vital interests of the people. And no interest is or can be more important and dearer to the people than the education of their children. But, democratic or undemocratic, we are for federal aid to the school systems of the several states, whoever else may oppose.

WE confess that the result of the Ohio election was a surprise, and a most agreeable one, to us. While it was true that the democracy, in off years, have carried the state four times since 1860, yet it is equally true that the republicans also carried it sixteen times, for the state offices, and every presidential year. Hence we have considered Ohio a republican state. And the treason of the Cincinnati Enquirer led us to believe that Hoadly's triumph at the election of last week would be an impossibility. However, the result has demonstrated that our fears were groundless; that the Enquirer possessed no influence, and that the invincible democracy of the grand old Buckeye state have plucked the flower victory from the thorn of as an unpromising an aspect of affairs as ever fronted any party. All honor to Ohio and her valiant democracy.

THE grand lodge of Good Templars of this state adjourned the other day after three cheers and a resolution for the triumph of prohibition in Ohio. It turns out that the prohibition amendment was defeated by a majority all the way from twenty to fifty thousand. Its defeat may be accounted for by the fact that Capt. Bob Cheves went over there and spent three months stumping the state for it.

IF it is undemocratic to employ federal money for the education of the children of the several states, it is also undemocratic to employ federal money for the improvement of the rivers and creeks of the several states, and we have yet to see the democratic editor or orator who opposed federal aid to the improvement of any watercourse in Kentucky.

Executing Law.

Courier-Journal.

The rigid execution of the law not only serves to restrain the lawless elements of society, but it also does much to maintain the good name of the state, and to silence prejudiced critics. Referring to the execution of Craft, the New York Tribune says:

"The authorities of that state deserve much credit for the way in which they have dealt with this man. Public opinion was bitter against him and two others, who killed two girls and a boy at Ashland in 1881. Great vigilance was necessary to keep Craft from the hands of a mob. To protect him, it is said, cost the state sixteen lives. But he was fairly tried at length, was found guilty and now has been judicially put to death. The whole course of the authorities in sternly insisting, at all cost, that Craft should not be punished until he had been convicted, and then, with equal firmness, insisting in hanging him after he had been condemned, deserves the highest praise."

Let our own people take this lesson to heart. Craft dies, not by the hands of a mob, but in accordance with the plain provisions of the law. In this way alone can crime be adequately punished. The work is not delegated to one man; he dies by the edict of society. Death otherwise is murder, leads to other excesses, and fails to impress the dangerous elements. We need to have all classes feel that, when guilt is proven, punishment is swift and certain. There is no excuse whatever for mob law. The victim becomes something of a martyr. A revulsion of opinion is apt to follow such outbreaks; doubt spreads, a feeling of insecurity, of distrust, prevails, and the results are altogether lamentable. We need to understand this better in Kentucky. Leaders of the mob are the enemies of society. A man who can not be convicted before the courts must not be the victim of popular indignation, it matters not how well directed it may be. Murder is murder, whether it is done by one man in heat of passion, done to advance personal aims, done to revenge personal animosities or whether it is done by a mob in order to satisfy what are supposed to be the demands of justice. Crime of all kinds is to be punished in Kentucky as severely and as promptly as the laws permit, and in the criminal category there is none requiring more rigid measures than murder in the guise of mob law.

*** "By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

New Advertisements

FOR SALE.

A fine Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull Calf. J. D. BABBAGE.

Estray Notice.

Taken up as a stray, by Henry C. Wheatley, living in Breckenridge county, Ky., near Kernigh's Mills, on the 15th of September, 1883,

ONE BLACK SOW,

with a white face and white feet, and four or five white spots on the back, aged about two years, and marked with a split to the left ear and swallow-fork to the right ear, and which was appraised at the value of $8 by John W. Holmes.

Witness my hand this 23rd day of September, 1883. FRANK V. RHOADS, J.P.B.C.

STOP IN

AND SEE

MRS. COOPER'S

NEW STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

MILLINERY,

AND

NOTIONS!

HIGH PRICES

MUST GO!

You will be astonished to see the positive bargains she is offering in all the lines she keeps. She is determined to succeed, and in order to do so is content with small profits --hoping by quick and frequent sales to make a living for herself, and at the same time allow her customers a chance to live.

REMEMBER

THE PLACE FOR

BARGAINS

IS THE

NEW STORE

IN THE

NEWSOM BLOCK,

CLOVERPORT.

1883. 1883.

J. BACON & SONS,

GRAND

Fall Opening!

SILKS. SILKS. SILKS.

Special sale unrivaled of brands of Black and Colored Silks in all the newest Fall shades and qualities. Black and Colored Satins at prices lower than ever. We invite the attention of our customers and the public to this exposition, which is the most extensive and important Purchases ever made for this market, and at 25 per cent. less than regular prices.

CLOAKS. DOLMANS. JACKETS.

We have just placed in stock over 2,500 Cloaks, Dolmans, Jackets, Ulsters, Circulars, etc., embracing all prices in all of the finest, latest and most desirable styles. We are giving this department more than the usual amount of attention, and are sanguine that the styles that are now offered are the most attractive, and the value the very best, to be found in the market. Any one contemplating a purchase in the above line, will find it much to their interest to call and examine our line when in the city, or write for prices.

DRESS GOODS. DRESS GOODS.

No branch of our business receives more careful study and attention than our Dress Goods Department. We offer the widest range for selection. The newest styles, the best qualities, and the most real value for your dollar. Call and see, or write for samples, and be convinced. Special sale of Imperial Black Cashmeres, ranging in price from 40c, 50c, 60c and 75c to $1.

CARPETS. CARPETS. CARPETS.

Commencing this month we will display one of the largest and best selected stock of Carpets, consisting of Body and Tapestry Brussels Carpets, Imperial 3-Ply and Extra Super. 2-Ply Ingrain and All-wool Carpets, Single and Double Chain Cotton Carpets, Oil Cloths in all widths, Cocoa, Napier and Straw Matting, Druggets and Crumb Cloths, Smyrna, Moquet, Turkish, Velvet and Brussels Rugs, Mats. 1,000 pairs of Lace Curtains at extremely low prices. Wholesale rooms up stairs.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Samples and prices sent by mail of all kinds of merchandise, with the exception of carpets, free of charge. We have a regular department under the supervision of one of the firm, for this branch of our business, and will insure those entrusting their orders to us that they may depend upon having them filled with the same promptness, care and at the same prices as if under their own supervision. In writing please state this paper. Enclose 3-cent stamp in sending for samples, and please state about the price goods wanted. J. BACON & SONS.

Greenwell & DeHaven,

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE

AND

Undertakers' Goods

CLOVERPORT, KY.

NEW

FALL STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS, Etc.

If you want bargains in any of the above lines, call on me and get them.

A. X. KINCHELOE,
Hardinsburg, Ky.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having claims against the estate of James Lucas, dec'd., are hereby notified to present the same to me in Hardinsburg, Ky., on the 22d day of October, 1883.
EMANUEL LUCAS, Admr.
September 26, 1883.

STAR HOTEL,
STEPHENSPORT . . . . KY.
C. H. COMPTON, Prop'r.

The undersigned wants it distinctly understood that he has refitted and refurnished the Star Hotel. Meals prepared at all hours for travelers. Everybody's patronage solicited.
C. H. COMPTON.

IF YOU WANT NOTHING,

Don't Read This Column.

Half of this column belongs to R. L. Newsom, and when paid for it gives him a considerable paid up interest in THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS, and if customers flock to him as freely as on former advertisements, no doubt he will be able to pay for it.

Let us introduce the subject by asking a few leading questions:

DO YOU WANT MONEY?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT COLLECTIONS MADE?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL A CASH NOTE?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT TO RENT PROPERTY?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

WHO HAS MORE THAN TWENTY HOUSES AND FARMS PLACED IN HIS HANDS TO SELL AND RENT.
R. L. NEWSOM.

WHY? Because he makes his renters willing to pay and always collects and accounts for the rent money, and charges only a reasonable commission for his services, and parties having property to rent find they make more clear money than to rent out their own property.
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT AN ACCOMMODATION BY PAYING FOR IT?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT TO BE ACCOMMODATED WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT?
CALL ON SOMEBODY ELSE.

DO YOU WANT A BUILDING LOT?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT A FULL-RIGGED HORSE TEAM, HARNESS AND WAGON?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO WANT PITTSBURGH COAL?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT HANCOCK COAL FROM ONE WAGON LOAD TO FIVE THOUSAND BUSHELS?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Do you want to buy or rent the Charles Mattingly Farm, 8 miles south of Cloverport?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING BOUGHT OR SOLD?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT A NEW WAGON?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Do you want a pension? I am authorized by the Pension Bureau to practice before that department.
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

If two young gentlemen want a nice bedroom, well finished, and in a very suitable place,
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Do you want a Gun of any description? I am prepared to have Rifle Guns made to order. Also have arrangements for ordering Shot Guns to suit parties, at prices ranging from $3.00 to $75.00.
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT YOUR RAILROAD ORDERS CASHED?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Do you want the lot at the west end of Hardinsburg, just below Lurisa Cox's residence, and a good spring on it?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Remember you can get almost anything you want for the money, and sometimes without it, depending on the humor you catch me in.
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

IF YOU WANT NONE OF THESE THINGS YOU ARE HAPPY.
R. L. NEWSOM.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1883.

Traveling Agent.

Mr. L. A. Foote, of Rowleyville, is our regularly authorized Traveling Agent and Correspondent.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. D. Brashear went to Louisville Sunday.

Mrs. C. P. Babbage went to Louisville Sunday.

Mr. Charlie Skillman is taking in the "Ex" this week.

Misses Ida and Georgie White went to Louisville Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Witt, of Hardinsburg, is visiting the Exposition this week.

Mr. J. L. Miller and son, Arthur, are taking in the Exposition this week.

Messrs. W. R. Bowmar, F. Fraize and Dr. J. E. Brown, went to Louisville Sunday.

Miss Sallie Dean, of Rock Lick, is visiting Mrs. R. H. Moreman at Brandenburg this week.

Mr. Wm. Vest and wife, Mrs. E. B. Oglesby and Mrs. L. L. Carlton, left Sunday for the great Exposition.

Miss Addie Ditto, of Meade county, is spending several weeks in Louisville visiting relatives and friends.

Col. Richard C. Wintersmith and Col. Cathbert Bullitt, of Louisville, came down Sunday, and are the guests of Capt. Jackson.

Messrs. Judge E. R. Eskridge, B. F. Beard and G. P. Jolly, of Hardinsburg, passed thro' town Sunday en route for Louisville.

Rev. R. F. Hayes, the new pastor of the Elm street Methodist church, and family, arrived last Saturday, and preached Sunday.

Mr. Archy and wife, Mr. Seal Duncan, and Mr. Charles Duncan and daughter, of Hawesville, were among the passengers on the Rhea Sunday.

Dr. C. W. Gabbert and wife, of Rockport, Ind., were among the passengers down on the Fashion Sunday, returning from the Louisville Exposition.

Mr. Brown Helm and wife, Mrs. Dr. Helm and sister, Miss Mary Sparks, who have been to Louisville for a week, returned to their home at Stephensport Sunday.

Mrs. Taylor Beard, Mrs. Burrel Beard, Miss Myra Haston and Miss Lulia Jolly, of Hardinsburg, were here Sunday en route to the Louisville Exposition.

Misses Lillie Robertson and Sallie Moorman, two of Breckenridge's prettiest young ladies, left Wednesday morning for home, after a visit of several days with relatives in Leitchfield.—[Sunbeam.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Circuit court adjourned last Saturday.

The river is once more at good boating stage.

Sunday was a remarkable cold day for the season.

Most of the tobacco crop of the county is cut and housed.

Rev. R. F. Hayes will preach in Holt Memorial Chapel next Sunday.

Miss Jennie Keith went to Rock Lick yesterday to take charge of the school there.

The tow-boat Henry DeBus made the run from Louisville to this place last Monday in eight hours.

We are pleased to learn that our young friend, Gus. Laufer, who has been seriously ill, is now improving.

Quite a heavy wind and rain storm visited this region Thursday evening; lasting about an hour.

The New Sensation troupe gave an excellent olio entertainment at the river last night on their show boat.

Dr J. S. Bradley, of Rockport, Ky., is in town introducing his meritorious family medicines. He will remain but a day or two

The colored ex-soldiers who belonged to Gov. Murray's regiment celebrated his presence here Monday by the firing of cannon.

We learn that the peculiar sickness at Hardinsburg, which some pronounce typhoid fever and others deny, is rapidly abating.

Mrs. Carrie Cooper occupies a column of our space this week. She is a live business woman, and knows the value of printer's ink.

It seems that the better the boating stage of the river the more irregular the packets become. This, however, is one of the evils of monopoly.

Bro. Lampton filled his regular appointment here Sunday. We were pleased to learn that he has about recovered from the effect of his accident.

Mr. T. B. Harris, 2410 Market street, LOUISVILLE KY., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and general debility with good success."

LOST.—On the streets of Cloverport last Sunday, a large and heavy plain gold ring, with initials (not remembered) on inside. The finder will be liberally rewarded on bringing it to the NEWS office.

Dr. F. G. Pusey, a promising young physician of Louisville, and a native of Garnettsville, died at his residence in that city last Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, of typhoid fever. His remains were brought to Garnettsville yesterday for interment.

We are now ready to consider the presidential candidates. The rain of Thursday night demonstrated that our new cistern will hold water. It is unquestionably the most substantial piece of work of the kind in town. It was built by Mr. Joseph McPherson, and is a job of which he well may be proud.

Governor Eli H. Murray, of Utah, came down on a brief visit to relatives and friends last Friday, remaining until Monday night. He would have been accompanied by Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, and Mr. Logan Murray, of New York, but the miserable fashion in which the Henderson packet line is handled rendered their coming impossible, as they could not make the trip in time to meet other and imperative engagements elsewhere. The governor looks and is in splendid health; is enthusiastic in his praises of the natural beauties of Utah, but outspoken in his horror and detestation of the evils of the system of Mormonism. Sunday several old and intimate friends dined with him at the residence of his brother, Judge J. A. Murray, and passed a most enjoyable hour or two. Governor Murray left for the east Monday night, where he proposes to spend two or three weeks and then return to his charge at Salt Lake.

Sunday School Convention.

Each church of Goshen Association is requested to appoint at least two messengers to meet at Goshen church, on Friday, November 9, to organize a Sunday School Convention. Please send me the names of messengers as soon as appointed, that their work may be assigned them. I take this opportunity of inviting every one who has an interest in the Sunday School work to attend, and it is hoped all will attend. R. C. KIMBLE.

SHORT CREEK, KY., Oct. 8, 1883.

Gov. Knott has offered a reward of $600 for the capture of Isaiah Onan, James Estes and Harrison Washburn, charged with rape in Franklin county.

STEPHENSPORT.

The Methodist Preacher for this work the ensuing conference year, we believe, is Rev. Goodson, said to be a most excellent divine.

Our citizens have certainly favored the pockets, as well as Louisville, during the Exposition, as quite a number have attended, and others are going.

Our town is not often mentioned in your columns, but we must come to the front, occasionally, that you may know we are still alive and progressing with the age.

Prof. Groves is teaching as a "real" school now, but it will require some little time for him to erase bad lessons from the minds of his pupils. He will have to unravel a great deal, and start them again at the proper point. This is the result of bad work on the part of teachers.

* * *

Mr. Robert Farcen, FALMOUTH, KY., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best medicine I ever used for general debility and poor appetite."

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office on October 1, 1883. If not taken out in 1 month will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Ahl, Nat; Bates, B. H.; Banon, Albert; Bates, J. B.; Calemese, W. J.; Clark, Jas; Dean, jr., W. S.; Durand, Mrs. Ada; Dullet, Mrs. Mary; Dean, S. (col.); Estes, Miss Mollie; Ellerman, J. R.; Gabbard, Noah, Grimes, Miss Leona; Howard, Wm.; Hardin, Mrs. W. P.; Hawkins, George; Johnson, James M.; Jones, Nevit; Kitchum, Philander; Logsten, Robert; Lewis, Miss Lizzie; McManaway, D.; Miller, James (col.); Moreman, Miss Annie; Mathews; Miss Joseph; Monro, Calvin; McGovern, Hugh; Osborn, Dave; Prather, J. W.; Pyles, Miss Kate; Pierce, Tillford; Pherluidite, Mrs. Josey; Qoitmon, Miss Nan; O'Brynn, Miss Julia; Robertson, Essick, Ranchford, J. P; Robertson, Alic; Stinieus, James; Staples, Willis; Sosh, Henry; Strode, Elija; Todd, John; Wilcoxon, Wm.; Wyett; John H.; Wilson, T. W.; Winfrey, Miss Emma; Wilcoxon, Mrs. M. O.; Were, Miss Lyfe H. J. C. HEIST, P. M.

Notice.

The re-union of the following regiments will take place in Leitchfield on Monday, Oct. 22d, 1883: 3d Ky. cavalry, 27th Ky. Infantry, 11th Ky. infantry, 26th Ky. infantry, 35th Ky. infantry, 48th Ky. infantry, 17th Ky. infantry, 2d Ky. cavalry, 12th Ky. cavalry. All old soldiers are especially invited to attend.

Gen. Eli H. Murray, present Governor of Utah, will address the soldiers at the court-house in Leitchfield, Ky. Speaking to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. Other prominent speakers will address the soldiers. This re-union will be under the charge of J. Wess Gosnell Post No. 8, Department of Kentucky G. A. R. This is the first reunion ever held in Grayson county. We will make arrangements with the C. O. & S. W. R. R. Co., for cheap rates, and will have arranged with the hotels for cheap board.

Dr. H. S. Woode, R. V. Sands, Hon. A. R. Byers, P. S. Bruner, and O. O'Riley, Committee.

Something Useful and Valuable in many Ways.

We to-day received from J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia,—the proprietors of the popular remedies, Simmon's Liver Regulator and Darby's Prophylactic Fluid,—a copy of "The Peoples' Regulator," a pocket companion useful for every body—man, woman and child, and we hope all our readers will get a copy, as they will find it valuable in many ways. They mail it to any one sending them their address.

THE STATE NEWS.

Larue county is erecting twelve new school-houses.

☞ Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4lbs. of goods. 10 cents for any colors.

Thomas Jefferson is chopping cord wood and stealing chickens in Bourbon county.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

Three hundred children are in attendance at the public schools of Elizabethtown.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup."

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

John Lyna, of Gainesville, Allen county, Ky., has been arrested, charged with debauching his own daughter.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

A swarm of bees have selected the ball on the spire of the Russellville court-house for a hive.

Get It, Sure!

Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac, at druggists, or mailed for 2c. stamp. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

A young man by the name of Dillard, of Bethlehem, Hardin county, was kicked in the stomach by a mule, from the effects of which he died.

Fits Cured Six Years Ago.

"It has been 6 years since I was cured of fits," says Mr. W. Ford, of Wirt, Jefferson Co., Ind. "*Samaritan Nervine* did it." And it always will, reader. $1.50, at druggists.

Mrs. Mary E. Tooke, sister of Gen. Simon B. Buckner, died at her home in Hart county, Ky., a few days ago.

If your lungs are weak, if a cold causes you quick distress, you will breathe easier, you will cough less, you will strengthen the pulmonary organs, you will feel better every way if you will occasionally use Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Ask your druggist for it.

A bastardly suit was recently compromised in Lincoln county by the plaintiff taking "an old gray mare," all the property the defendant owned.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money returned. Price 25 cents per box For sale by W. B. White.

The Confederate Widows and Orphans' Home, at Georgetown, has been closed for lack of funds. There were less than a dozen inmates, including four children.

No Grease for Him.

"When Greece her knees—Greece her knees—Greece her knees," stammered an embarrassed school-boy, forgetting the next line of his recitation. "There is no occasion to grease anybody's knees," shouted his teacher. "Go and study your piece." Neither is there occasion to grease your hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is all the dressing you want. Restores the original gloss and color to gray or faded hair. Does not soil the linen; not a dye; good for the scalp; prevents falling out.

On the night of the 6th inst., at Maysville, Barny Stogdale and Gabe Hancock engaged in a barroom brawl, which resulted in the former being shot and dangerously wounded.

A Startling Discovery.

Physicians are often startled by remarkable discoveries. The fact that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and all Throat and Lung diseases is daily curing patients that they have given up to die, is startling them to realize their sense of duty, and examine into the merits of this wonderful discovery; resulting in hundreds of our best Physicians using it in their practice. Trial Bottles free at W. B. White Drug Store. Regular Size $1.00.

Joe Weaver, who murdered Wm. Meyers in Bracken county Saturday night week, says the Maysville Eagle, had more conscience than most murderers. He went out and hung himself that same night.

Nervous dyspeptic individuals, whose distress of mind and body make life miserable, if your sufferings have been prolonged and increased by the use of bitters and pretended cures of kidney and liver, diseases, throw all such nostrums aside and find health, strength and vigor in that simple remedy known as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, strengthens the urinary and digestive organs, and infuses new life into all parts of the body. No other remedy equals it. Have your druggist get it for you.

Smith Thompson, of Pike county, "did not know it was loaded" when he blew into the muzzle of his shot-gun, and he never found out that it was, but his friends did, and gave him a large funeral.

These are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Billiousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refused. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by W. B. White.

The grand jury of Madison county, at its late session, found two hundred and ninety indictments. Of this number more than two hundred were for violations of the whisky law.

It makes every humanitarian sad to see invalids seek such relief as is given them by the use of bitters, kidney medicines, and other nostrums. The first few doses may make them feel better on account of its stupefying ingredients, combined with some strong cathartic and diuretic that are used in its composition, but they eventually grow worse. The only cure for weakness, nervousness, debility, aches, pains, rheumatism, sores, urinary and digestive troubles, is to make the blood rich, red and pure, by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, a remedy widely indorsed by physicians who have examined into its composition and effect.

Thursday of last week was "Governor's Day" at the Louisville Southern Exposition. Governors Crittenden, of Missouri, Hawley, of Connecticut, Murray, of Utah, Jarrett, of North Carolina, and Knott, of Kentucky, were present and made speeches.

A Report of Clerk of Circuit Court.

CLERK'S OFFICE, JOHNSON CO., IND.

MR. A. KIEFFER: During the spring and summer my wife was a great sufferer from indigestion and Dyspepsia, caused by a torpid liver. About a month ago she began using your Taraxine, and the first two doses gave her so much relief that she continued the use of it until two bottles had been taken; and I take pleasure in saying that her health is entirely restored. Yours etc., ISAAC M. THOMPSON, Clerk Circuit Court.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Brasher & Ragsdale, Stephensport.

John Estes, Harrison Washburn and Isaiah Onan, three desperate ruffians of Franklin county, entered the house of old man Elisha Curtis, near Sand Riffle, that county, on Sunday night, the 7th inst., and took the old man out into the yard, where one stood guard over him with a drawn pistol while the others ravished his wife and thirteen year old daughter. Then the guard was relieved and entered the house and outraged one of the helpless victims in his turn. This horrible devilment they kept up for three hours, repeatedly outraging the poor woman and child, when they departed. The sheriff of Franklin county and a posse are after the scoundrels. The little girl is expected to die of her injuries.

DAVIS AND CONKLING.

The Great Ex-Senators Agree That the Republican Party Will Soon Go Down.

Chicago News Washington Special.

Ex-Senator David Davis, who is now here on his way back from North Carolina says that he will not come to Washington this winter. He has no desire to do so, and thinks, further, if he did visit the city his presence would be misconstrued, and he would be credited with a political ambition he does not possess. He says the North Carolinians lose all their good nature at the mere mention of the name of Butler. The Judge was engaged in conversation to-day with a prominent democrat. The latter said he was certain of Butler's re-election, Mahone's defeat in Virginia and a large Democratic victory in New York and New Jersey. Judge Davis said if this were true he did not see how the republican party could expect to win next year. He then went on to say that the republican party organization would certainly break up if it should sustain a defeat in a national canvass. Then the breaking off from both of the existing parties would naturally make a new party. No new party could come until then, he believed For instance, the south would be solid so long as the republican party organization stood. Break that up, and the solidity of the south would naturally disappear. The democratic party had been defeated many times, but its vitality depended upon its opposition to the republican organization. There was nothing more to it than that.

Judge Davis believes Tilden can have the democratic nomination next year if he desires it, but he does not pretend to have any special information upon the subject. He is a great admirer of Judge Gresham, the Postmaster General, and thinks he has a most promising future. Gresham is too high-minded to remain in the Cabinet and act as a Presidential candidate against the interests of Arthur. Judge Davis, as an unprejudiced observer from his vantage ground of private life, says that he thinks if the republican voters of the country could have their say about the nomination next year that Blaine would receive the support of over three-fifths of them. Blaine, however, he understands, is not a candidate, and he has no idea how he will stand in the next convention. Senator Logan, most unquestionably, will have the support of Illinois in the next convention, and a very large support from other western states. He knows nothing of Logan's strength in the east, as he has not been in that section of the country for some time.

Ex-Senator Conkling, who has been here for several days, shares the same views expressed by Judge Davis. Conkling is quite content to remain out of politics until a new deal is made. The Democrats, he believes, will be successful next year. Their prosperity will be their ruin. The republicans will go to pieces after the downfall, and out of the two great parties will be born a new Independent National party—a party of broad ideas—into which all classes and sections may come. Then when the break-up comes, Conkling will have an ample fortune and will seek his old position in the Senate. Notwithstanding his outward philosophic calm and attention to business, he is out of his element when out of politics. He is ranging himself in the position of a good citizen. His domestic relations are now pleasant. He has the confidence of the business men of New York. He takes no interest in politics of the present time beyond that of a mere observer, because he believes the break-up is too near at hand.

When you suffer from dyspepsia, heartburn, malarial affections, kidney disease, liver complaint and other wasting diseases. When you wish to enrich the blood and purify the system generally. When you wish to remove all feeling of weakness, weariness, lack of energy, try a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters and see how greatly it will benefit you. It surpasses all known remedies as an enricher of the blood and a perfect regulator of the various bodily functions. Ask your druggist.

Advice Which Was Accepted.

Boston Gazette.

The story has been kept very quiet, but thus much of it has leaked out. A young gentleman, moving in good society, but whose bank account is by no means plethoric, sought out one of our wealthy citizens about a month ago and told him he wanted to speak to him on a very important affair. Croesus said to his visitor: "I am busy just now, and must request you to be brief. What is it—business?" The young gentleman, thoroughly embarrassed by the brusqueness of the other, could only stammer, "Very important business." "Well," said Croesus, "let me give you this advice: Don't put it off till to-morrow if you can do it to-day. That has been the theory on which I have made my success in life." The young gentleman stammered his thanks, departed, and that very day went before a magistrate with the daughter of Croesus, and married her then and there. When the old gentleman found it out, he, for the first time, began to doubt the universal applicability of this theory. However, it is understood that all has been forgiven.

Southern Schoolma'arms.

Atlanta Constitution.

Southern girls are teaching now all over the land, and that is a good sign. Before the war we used to get all our teachers from New England. But then they didn't teach very long, for our young men and widowers married them, and they made good wives and good mothers, and they raised up good rebels. They don't come now, and our girls have monopolized the business.

United States Marshals Kill Each Other.

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., Oct. 10.—United States Deputy Marshals Perry and Weatherford, while guarding some Indian prisoners last night, quarreled over a game of cards, drew revolvers and killed each other, one firing three and the other seven shots.

CHAPTER XII.

Ladies! don't fail to read this, it may be of service to you. A popular writer has said: if the ladies all knew how to please their husbands and keep them in good humor, there would be less work for the divorce courts. A wag at our elbow remarks: "the best way to do it is to feed them well." A man's happiness has its beginning in the kitchen, and reaches its culminating point—when? Now on this point there is a difference of opinion, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that the acme of his happiness is reached when he enters the store of J. Winter & Co., corner of Third and Market Streets, Louisville, Ky., and sees displayed, under the brilliant electric light by night, or by the clear light of day, stacks upon stacks of beautiful and attractive wares for the adornment of the outer man; an "audible" smile further illumines his countenance when the affable and accommodating salesman convinces him—without any trouble—that he can dress himself in elegant and tasty style at very moderate cost, and thus allow his wife a new bonnet, or a few yards more trimmings for her dress! and if there should be any "future presidents" in the family, J. Winter & Co. can fit them out in a cheap, substantial school suit, or Sunday suit, for less money than inferior goods can be bought for elsewhere. Children's, Boys' and Youths' Clothing in endless variety, and they were never so cheap as now. It must be borne in mind that these are "home made goods." Superior in every respect to the "factory made" stuff with which the country is flooded. Everything pertaining to the outfitting of man or boy, be he ever so large or ever so small, can be found in endless variety in the spacious bazaar of J. Winter & Co. Visitors to the city, either for the purpose to visit the Great Southern Exposition, or for business, and whether they wish to buy or not, should call and see this exposition of Louisville manufactured clothing, and hear the prices. Persons who will buy clothing from irresponsible dealers have only themselves to blame when they get "bit."

In "Gents' Furnishing Goods" this house carries the largest stock in the city; it is unnecessary to enumerate any particular article, as anything in this line that you can ask for the obliging salesmen will promptly place before you.

Cut this out and paste it in your hat.

Dent, Bassett & Co.,

LEITCHFIELD, KY.,

Have on hand all the time a large lot of

BONE MEAL,

sufficient to supply the demands of their friends and patrons.

New Advertisements

In the Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kind of work obliges a man to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world, steamboat pilots and railroad engineers should let liquor alone. For on their clearness of sight and coolness of head depends the safety of life and property."

Keeping his hand on the wheel as he said this, Mr. A. Brockmom, of No. 29½ Silver street, Chicago, added: "Of course, some of 'em drink; but the sober ones have the best positions and the best pay. Yes, the work and exposure sometimes tells on us; but for my part, I find PARKER'S TONIC to be all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When I haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts, it sets me up in no time. If drinking men would use the Tonic, it would help 'em to break off. (No, that isn't a lighthouse; it's a star, low down near the water.) As I was saying, the Tonic is new life bottled up. You see that flag-staff Well, with a bottle of PARKER'S TONIC in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that, all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaints and colic, and as an invigorant, when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy. Good-bye! Don't break your neck going below."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior articles under the name of ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation, itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

BUY

FRESH GOODS,

CORRECT STYLES,

LATEST NOVELTIES,

—OF—

JOHN D. BABBAGE.

A Splendid Assortment of Good and Reliable Gents' Furnishing Goods,

We are prepared as we never were before to serve old men, young men, and very particular men in what they want to wear in the line of WHITE OverShirts, Undershirts, Drawers and Neck wear. As for SHIRTS prices, they speak for themselves. We have the advantage of all competitors. We make

GENTS' FURNISING

a specialty, and strive to please men (and women, too, who do the buying for their husbands and sons.)

Now, gentlemen, won't you honor us with a call and see what you we have and how cheap they are?

DON'T FORGET

us when you want a Shirt, a pair of Drawers, a box of Collars, a pair of Socks, a Handkerchief, a pair of Suspenders, or any thing else in the line of furnishing goods.

JOHN D. BABBAGE,

33 WALL STREET,

CLOVERPORT, KY.

NOVELS by all the favorite authors, cloth bound and in the popular cheap Library forms, at Babbage's.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

$100,00 A WEEK!

We are guarantee the above amount to good active, energetic

AGENTS!

Ladies as well as gentlemen, make a success in the business. Very little capital required. We have a household article as salable as flour.

It Sells Itself!

It is used every day in every family. You do not need to explain its merits. There is a rich harvest for all who embrace this golden opportunity. It costs you only one cent to learn what our business is. Buy a postal card and write to us and we will send you our prospectus and full particulars

FREE!

And we know you will derive more good than you have any idea of. Our reputation as a manufacturing company is such that we can not afford to deceive. Write to us on a postal and give your address plainly and receive full particulars.

BUCKEYE M'F'G CO.,
Marion, Ohio.

HARDINSBURG & CLOVERPORT EXPRESS

SMITH & BEARD, Proprietors,

Leaves Cloverport for Hardinsburg daily (except Sundays) at 8 o'clock a. m. Connects at Cloverport with the Louisville and Henderson mail-line steamers. Persons desiring conveyance can be accommodated. Express business promptly attended to.

WHEN YOU VISIT

LOUISVILLE, DON'T FAIL TO SEE

A. C. LEWIS' MAMMOTH HAT STORE!

The Largest Stock, the Finest Goods, and the Most Reasonable prices in the City.

360 Jefferson-st., near Fourth.

BOOMER, LEWIS & CO.,

WHOLESALE HATS

No. 621 Main Street,

ISAAC H. BOOMER,
THOS. A. LEWIS,
CRAWFORD McCLARTY,
JOHN WEBER.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

WM. COOPER'S

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT,

CLOVERPORT, KY.,

Keeps constantly on hand a full supply of all the standard makes of

WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS,

and a geneneral assortment of all kinds of farming implements. Also agent for the old reliable

McCormick Harvesting Machine,

the first practical reaper invented in the world, and still far ahead of all competitors. Also agent for Russell & Merrifield's Engines, Threshers, Saw Mills, &c. I sell at the lowest prices, and guarantee everything I sell. Blacksmithing and repairing done on short notice.

McSherry Drill!

I am also agent for the McSherry Force Feed Grain Drill, the best in the market. It has all the labor-saving improvements.

SIBLEY'S SEEDS

of ALL PLANTS, for ALL CROPS, for ALL CLIMATES. All are tested; only the best sent out. Grain and Farm Seed Manual; History and best methods of culture of Grains, Root Crops, Grasses, Fodder Crops, Tree Planting, etc. only 10cts. Annual Catalogue and Price List of several thousand varieties. FREE.

SIBLEY'S SEEDS — POOR SEEDS.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. Rochester, N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

STOCK

FULL AND COMPLETE FOR THE FALL TRADE!

JOHN D. BABBAGE,

NO. 33 WALL ST. CLOVERPORT.

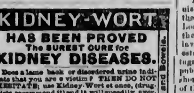
ONLY $1.50

Secures the weekly visits of THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS for one year, or Seventy-five Cents for six months.

Excelsior Marble Works,

J. E. KEITH & CO.,

CLOVERPORT, KY.



Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM, JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warranted 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address

JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE NEWS IS ONLY $1 50 PER YEAR

Subscribe for it.

Nasby in the South.

A Tour of Observation in the South

MR. D. R. LOCKE (Nasby), the editor of the TOLEDO BLADE, and MR. ROBINSON LOCKE, will make a tour of the Southern States commencing on or about October 16th, 1883, and continuing during the Autumn and Winter, the object being a series of letters descriptive of the whole South.

These letters, which will appear weekly, will be entirely non-political, their object being to place before the people of the whole country, especially the half million readers of the BLADE, such facts as are necessary to a proper comprehension of the resources of the South.

The great South is entering upon an area of development that in the course of a few years will work wonderful changes in population and general wealth. What the Southern States need more than anything else is that its advantages in soil, climate, forest and mineral wealth be known and understood in order that to the end of diverting thither its proper portion of the millions of people coming into the country, and the millions more from the North who are seeking new homes. In the North more is known of Germany and France than of the Southern States.

The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE has the largest circulation of any paper published in the United States, and these letters will appear regularly in its columns. In fact, the letters from the South will be its great feature for the coming year. The importance to the South of a work like this can hardly be over-estimated.

The letters will not be confined to the regular tourist's routes, nor to descriptions of what the regular tourist writes about. Messrs. Locke will visit interior points, remote from the much frequented lines of travel, they will investigate personally soil, water-powers, forests and mines, business facilities and advantages, the progress made and making, railroads, public buildings and works, every thing, in short, pertaining to the material development of the vast country south of the Ohio and Potomac.

These "Letters from the South" will commence in the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE about November 1st, and will continue probably a year—at least until the subject is exhausted.

THE WEEKLY BLADE, $1.00 A YEAR, POST PAID, TO EVERYBODY.

Those preferring may receive the BLADE, THREE MONTHS, by remitting 30 cents, or clubs of three months trial subscribers, of not less than four, 25 cents each.

We send specimen copies of the BLADE free to any address. We want as many addresses as possible to send Specimen Copies to. Write a postal card asking for a specimen for yourself, and send us the names of all your neighbors. We want to send out half a million Specimen Copies within the next month. Don't be modest as to the number.

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BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

SPIRIT OF THE STATE PRESS

A CONUNDRUM.
Kentucky State Journal.

Did any one ever know of a woman giving up going out on account of bad weather when she had made up her mind to go?

A NEAT LITTLE GAME.
Williamstown Courier.

The republicans of Iowa gushed about woman's rights and nominated a man for superintendent of public instruction. The democrats said nothing, but nominated the man's wife against him for the same office.

TRUE AS GOSPEL.
Maysville Eagle.

It is not by their intelligence alone, but by their virtue, that any people can be kept free and prosperous. Intellectual training without the training of the will, only increases the power for evil without giving any direction toward the good.

THE BEST SCHOOL SYSTEM.
Maysville Eagle.

That is the best system of schools which makes a steady demand for good teachers; and that means universal, fair and thorough examinations, and fair wages, with prompt payment, as other state and county officers are paid.

INDIANA'S SERGEANT BATES.
Kentucky New Era.

It is amusing to read the attempts of the republican papers of Indiana to make a big man of that particularly small and insignificant politician, Ben Harrison. He has been talking some twaddle in Iowa which his organs dignify with the title of "thrilling and electrifying speeches."

WHY OSCAR CHANGED HIS MIND.
Crittenden Press.

Hon. Oscar Turner says he is not a candidate for the United States senate, and the Clinton Democrat thinks he came to the conclusion not to run after he heard of the result of the legislative election in the first district. The Democrat says there is but one Turner man among the members of legislature from the district.

LET THEM SLEEP WITH SOME OTHER FELLOW.
Union Local.

More quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night under the same bed clothes, than by almost any other disturbing cause.

THE SHELLBARK TRUTH.
Crittenden Press.

If the negro expects to make himself equal to the white man by demands, and resolutions, etc., he will be sadly disappointed. He may preach civil rights, and all that kind of thing, until dooms day without making himself one whit better, or getting one inch nearer the white man. Let the negro go to work and elevate himself and make himself equal to the white man in every respect, and his merits will be duly recognized by everybody.

PAINTED BLACKER THAN WE ARE.
Courier-Journal.

In Kentucky we have been bad enough undoubtedly, but we have been painted in darker colors than the situation justifies. No greater work could any man undertake than to restore the good name of the State. The law can be enforced, there is no doubt about that; the only question is, will it be? This question the governor answers most emphatically. In this course he will have the hearty support of our people, and when the legislature meets it should deal with all crimes in a manner which will make it less difficult to punish men of whose guilt there is no reasonable doubt. It is time to substitute a little severity for sentimentality and bring about a different order of things in this state from what has existed so long and which has so greatly retarded the development of our natural resources.

THE [illegible] ELEPHANT.
Nelson Record.

The republican party will soon have an elephant on its hands in the way of the colored vote. The negro has equal political rights, and no power on earth can give him equal social rights, but he is foolish enough to think that the republican party ought to do it, and that is what will give the party trouble. The negro can never improve his condition so long as he votes solidly with the republican party. He is now looked upon as the property of republican politicians, and is a slave in politics as he formerly was a slave in labor. Abolition of the color line in politics is the only hope for the negro to gain the influence his vote can command. Slaves have but little power, and the negro is now owned by the republican party.

THE [illegible] STATED.
Louisville Commercial.

The attention of those who object to federal aid to the schools for the reason that the beneficiaries will be pauperized and be made to lose their self-respect is called to the method of distributing the common school fund in Kentucky. In a majority of the counties more money is received from this fund than is contributed to it in the shape of taxes. In one year the state school tax paid by Louisville was $58,000 greater than the share of the school fund expended in this city. This excess went to poorer sections of the state. The same method is doubtless prevalent in most of the southern states. Will the Louisville Courier-Journal contend that the people of eastern Kentucky have any less self-respect because their schools are supported mainly from the taxes paid by wealthier counties?

SENATOR WILLIAMS.
Louisville Post.

The Lexington Press says Senator Williams "claims" that tobacco crop just as he claims enough votes to re-elect him to the senate. The claim will pan out about as well in one case as the other. But it looks like a waste of time to be subjecting Williams' claims to any test whatever. The hollowness and absurdity of his pretensions are apparent to any man of sense who comes in contact with him. Never was any human being more inflated with gas. He is laughed at almost from the time he commences a speech in the senate to its close. Those low democrats who remain in their seats hang their heads. The republicans pay more attention for the purpose of using his loose, extravagant and nonsensical twaddle and fustian against the democratic party or the measure it happens to favor. They are almost always rewarded for the pain of listening. It is really time for the people of Kentucky to suppress Williams and all who belong to his class. The empty-minded and uninformed blowers and blatherskites of the party have certainly had their day. The success they have met with has only inflated them the more, until they have learned to believe the state belongs to them. For God's sake let us bustle them aside and move on.

A PRISON MUTINY

Successfully Put Down by the Bravery and Promptness of the Officers in Charge.

BUFFALO, Oct. 9.—There was a serious outbreak in the county jail in this city this morning. It is believed to have been the outgrowth of a plot for a jail delivery. Ten days ago a lot of sharp-pointed spears were missing from the inner office, which opens almost on the prisoners' corridor. The Deputy Marshal became convinced that the spears were in the possession of some prisoners who would use them as a weapon. Then trustworthy prisoners were sent to hunt for them and they were found less than forty-eight hours ago in the cell of a prisoner named Doyle. This morning the sixty-five prisoners were allowed, as usual, to walk around the open court in the center of the jail. All the tiers of cells open on the court. Mrs. Lapham, wife of a prisoner, handed in a package for her husband. Keeper Session removed a newspaper from around it, as prisoners are not allowed papers containing court notes. When he handed the package to Lapham, the prisoner upbraided him for removing the paper, and refused to go in his cell when ordered. Calling several other prisoners to him, Lapham jumped on Session. The latter was unarmed and ran to the office, where he got his revolver and told Keeper Marsh to come and help him. Session went back to where Lapham was standing surrounded by an angry crowd, and again ordered him to his cell. Lapham struck Session an ugly blow. The deputy retaliated by felling him to the floor with a blow. The deputies then succeeded in getting Lapham into his own cell.

By this time the other prisoners had grown demonstrative, but seeing the revolvers of the two deputies, they weakened. Thos. Doyle and one or two others stood their ground and stubbornly refused to re-enter their cells. A telephone call brought Jailer Hess and Sheriff McDonohn from the city hall, and by their united strength Doyle's associates were shut up and Doyle himself shut up in the dungeon for solitary confinement. The deputies were bruised a little but not otherwise hurt. The situation for a while was critical—sixty-five men against two.

THE GLOSSOGRAPH.

An Instrument for Recording Speech Automatically.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition is Gentilli's glossograph, a little instrument by which speech is automatically reproduced as soon as it is uttered. A small apparatus is placed in the mouth of the speaker—in contact with the roof of his mouth, his tongue and lips—and on being connected with an electro-magnetic registering apparatus the sounds are committed to paper. It is constructed in such a manner as not to cause any inconvenience to the speaker; neither is it necessary that the voice should be raised, as it reproduces a whisper as exactly as a shout; the only condition is a correct and distinct articulation. According to the inventor's calculation, it will be possible to write four or five times as fast by means of the glossograph as has hitherto been possible even by the quickest writer. At first sight it appears as if this invention were but an improvement upon Edison's phonograph; it is, however, of a much older date. It rests, unlike the former, on an acoustic principle, and does not reproduce the sounds in a microscopical form. The chief obstacle to the introduction of the glossograph, says the Pall Mall Gazette, will be the difficulty in deciphering the characters, but it is not impossible that with the help of a second automatic apparatus the characters produced by the glossograph may be translated into our common type writing. The orthography would doubtless appear strange, but in these days of phonetic spelling this might not long be a hindrance.

Luther as a Preacher.

In the October Century Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale, says: For moving eloquence in the pulpit no one excelled Luther. He not only knew how to preach, but he could tell the secret to others. One defect, he observes, may eclipse numerous gifts in a preacher. 'Dr. Justus Jonas has all the good virtues and qualities a man may have; yet merely because he hums and spits, the people can not bear that good and honest man.' Let a preacher stick to his text, and not ramble: 'A preacher that will speak every thing that comes in his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and, meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold a goose-market." He despised the hunger for applause: 'Ambition is the rankest poison to the church, when it possesses preachers. Cursed are all preachers that in the church aim at high and hard things, and, neglecting the saving health of the poor, unlearned people, seek their own honor and praise, and therewith to please one or two ambitious persons. When I preach, I sink myself deep down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom are here in this church above forty; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom are more than two thousand. I preach to these, directing myself to them that have need thereof. Will not the rest hear me? The door stands open unto them; they may begone.' 'An upright, godly, and true preacher should direct his preaching to the poor, simple sort of people, like a mother that stills her child, dandles, and plays with it.' etc. 'When they come to me, to Melanchthon, to Dr. Pommer, etc. let them show their cunning, how learned they be; they shall be well put to their trumps. But to sprinkle out Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in their public sermons savors merely of show,' etc."

One Mass of Misery.
Detroit Free Press.

One of the greatest causes of misery among the working classes is early marriages. Thousands marry for what is called love, without the least comfort. The poor wife is continually at her wits' ends how to make both ends meet; the care, the misery, the suffering she has to go through is impossible to describe. The family is continually living from hand to mouth, the husband fears to be out of work; he can not look the future in the face, and there is nothing left for them but a continual struggle against poverty. Home to them is not a home; it is only a name. If the husband happens to die the wife and children are left utterly destitute, nothing for them but the poorhouse and pauper's grave. The very love they have for their children makes them miserable. Will love make these poor people happy? I say no. Love can never make people happy under such circumstances. John Bright says: "It is one mass of misery from the cradle to the grave."

Best Cough Medicine in the World—Sample Free of Charge.

Call at Fisher's drug store, and get a sample bottle of Brown's Expectorant free of charge. It cures, Coughs, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, and Consumption in its early stages. It is a scientific preparation admirably adapted for the cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases. It is pleasant to take and entirely harmless. Try it; it costs you nothing. Regular size bottles, 50c. and $1. Taraxine Memorandum Books free. For sale by A. R. FISHER, Cloverport, and BRASHEAR & RAGSDALE, Stephensport.

Reduction in Kentucky Postmasters' Salaries.

The readjustment of salaries of postmasters which has just taken effect makes a number of important changes in the salaries paid to Kentucky postmasters. The following are reduced $100 per year in salary: Cynthiana, Lebanon, Madisonville, Paris, and Shelbyville. The following are reduced $200 per year: Ashland, Danville, Elizabethtown, Georgetown, Lexington, Paducah, and Versailles. Newport loses $300 per year; Henderson, $100. The following gain $100 per year: Bowling Green, Covington, Lancaster, Louisville, Maysville, Shelbyville, and Winchester. The following gain $200 per year: Catlettsburg and Frankfort. Under the new arrangement, the Madisonville postmaster gets $1,000 per year; Hickman and Lancaster, $1,100 each; Franklin and Nicholasville, $1,200; Stanford, $1,300; Catlettsburg, Elizabethtown, Glasgow, and Versailles, $1,400; Ashland, Cynthiana, Georgetown, Harrodsburg, Lebanon, and Russellville, $1,500; Richmond, Shelbyville, and Winchester, $1,600; Henderson and Mt. Sterling, $1,700; Danville and Hopkinsville, $1,800; Bowling Green and Paris, $1,900; Maysville and Newport, $2,000; Owensboro, $2,100; Paducah and Frankfort, $2,300; Covington, $2,600; Lexington, $2,700; Louisville, $3,000.

Free! Free!! Free!!!—New Discovery for Piles.

A new remedy for this dreadful disease has been discovered by Dr. Deming. A single application will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful healing powers. By calling on A. R. Fisher, druggist, you can obtain a sample box free of charge, which will satisfy you of its curative qualities. Also for sale by BRASHEAR & RAGSDALE, Stephensport.

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CURE

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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. ☞Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. ☞Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

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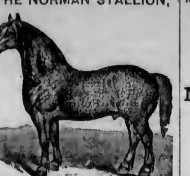

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Owing to the failure of the London and Liverpool Fire Arms Co., of London, Eng., we have secured a consignment of their celebrated Breech-loading Shot Guns, THE CHAMPION, at thirty-three and one-third cents on the dollar of the actual cost of manufacture. THE CHAMPION is new and perfect, finely finished, case-hardened and blued, made of very best materials, and by the improved attachments, is rendered superior to any other English or American Shot-Gun. They are too well known to need extensive description, when we state that they are perfect, and warranted genuine CHAMPIONS, that is sufficient. These guns are the biggest bargain ever offered to America and will never be offered again. We guarantee these Shot-Guns to be in every respect as represented or money will be refunded. You cannot let this opportunity slip. You can at any time sell the Shot-Gun for a great deal more than you gave for it. THE CHAMPION is a great favorite with sportsmen on account of the rapidity and ease with which it can be loaded, and its superior shooting qualities. That it stands unrivalled as a first-class fire-arm is shown by the thousands of English testimonials on file. The editor of the Atlas, (N. Y.) says: "They are the most extraordinary bargains I ever saw, they shoot equal to my $90 Scott Gun." He has bought two. B. L. Emerson, of the New-York Ducking Club, says: "Your CHAMPION Imported Breech-loading Shot-Gun is an unheard of bargain and worth at least $20. Our Club will have several. I heartily endorse your assertions; the Shot-Gun will more than satisfy every purchaser." Order at once as our consignment is only one shot and.

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